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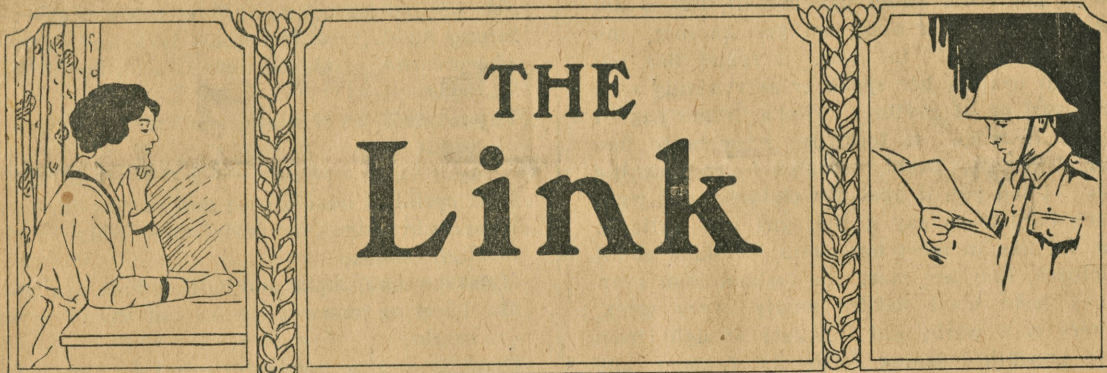
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Subscription. 3/3 half year posted. Editor: J. CRAMPTON ANDREWS, c/o R. McGregor & Co., Edward St., Box 493, Brisbane

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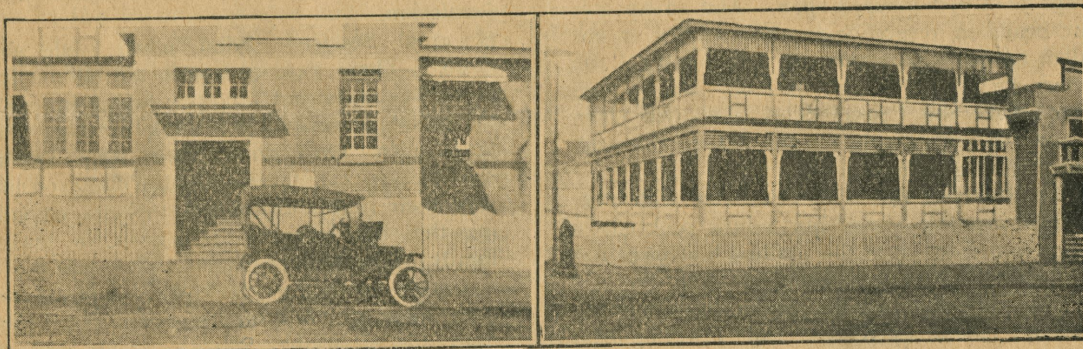
Dear Chaps,

If I could send you a fully illustrated page on "Bags as they are worn" you'd have something to keep you studying in between stunts. I don't mean pants, you understand, I mean leather, silk, linen, bead silver, gold or boot-lace bags—girls put their hankies and powder puffs, knitting and general equipment and spare gear in.

Some, as I told you before, are the size of kit bags, only thinner and stitched on to all sorts of bull rings, some have cords and some have buttons and clips, but the bull rings win every time. The bags are blue and green and yellow and purple. On some the colours go

up and down, in others they go around, some are all wavy and woggly.

I got into the train with a little War Worker the other Monday morning, and she lost her ticket somewhere in the depths of a silk kit bag; in fact, this was almost a cat bag, it was past the kit stage, so I sat back and did the Sherlock Holmes act, and I found out that she was a member of the Church of England, that she was under twenty-one, that she had been to a dance on Saturday, that she was very popular, although her best boy is at the front, that he's still going strong, she is fond of poetry, and writes long and interesting letters, that she uses Piver's powder, sketches, and does



TWO VIEWS OF THE SOLDIERS' RESIDENTIAL CLUB.

Taken for "The Link" by Miss M. Thynne.

The proposed rates for "residence" in the Club have been the subject of much controversy in the papers lately.

a little photography, has a maiden aunt and grandmother, like pets, marshmallows, and is going to be a V.A.D., and has a contralto voice, was born in Queensland, is slightly inquisitive, very good tempered, and constant, keeps her room sweet like herself, but is not as orderly as her aunt and grandmother, and has a brother at the war. I found this out without hearing her speak or ever having seen or heard of her before. That's "some bag" I learnt it from. It took five minutes to find her ticket and twenty minutes to re-pack the bag. I tell you it beat the pictures, and right here I'd like to say it that girl will write to me I'd like to meet her again. Talking about pictures, they are more the fashion than ever. They have good battles nearly every week. There is a warby old Howitzer straight from the tinsmith belching forth its thunder and death, sometimes there is a machine-gun guaranteed to fire two rounds an hour, vomiting death upon the horrible hateful Hun, and a captain waving his sword like a drunk English brass hat on leave in Paris is indispensable. There is usually a quiet worker on the roof sniping away and always getting chips knocked off him by 9.2's, but always escaping.

The hero is always in the thick of it, with his sweetheart and her pet canary, which she came 450 miles via rail, motor, aeroplane, and motor boat to rescue, because it eat her maiden aunt's will or her marriage certificate.

By the way, dead men always take twenty minutes to fall.

Yours, dinkum,

THE FASHION EXPERT.

A MESSAGE.

Our life on earth is so brief it were well to give it in a great cause—to squander nobly, rather than hoard to a miserable old age the dregs of a dishonoured span. And so we bow our heads in reverence to the memory of our fallen heroes who return no more, and to the living we say: "Fight on, oh, happy warriors! Like the Crusaders of old, with clean hands and pure hearts for the defence of weak and suffering peoples.

The Rider on the White Horse is with you, though invisible—from his mouth proceeds a sharp sword to smite the nations that obey not God's law! And you who fight—not for lust or hate, but for righteousness' sake—are one with the King of Kings and His Immortal Army.

As such, you must, you shall be Conquerors! God bless the boys!

—MABEL WILSON.

A LOVE SONG.

Dear hands! whose strong grip meant so much to me,

To-night I wonder what your Task may be,
The Southern Cross and battlefields of France,
Are, oh; so far apart, and yet perchance
Strong hands, you feel midst rack and flare,
The pressure of an old time kiss on them, that bear

The messengers of death, and know how deep, I care.

Dear eyelids I have kissed and made mine own
What light shines in those eyes where love-light shone,

Midst daytime smoke and battle's flare at night,
May fleeting memory of an old caress make bright,

Dear lips! who made my soul for aye your mate,

Though they are set and grim, looking on death and hate,

Softened to just one curve, remembering that I wait.

* * * * *

Great God of Battles, bring these hands once more,

I needs must worship what I loved before,

Those eyes hold all the light of life for me,
Seeing them not again, what use were sight to me.

—Olive.

The Correspondence Club will meet in the Club Rooms, City Buildings, Room 12, 2nd Floor, Edward Street, on Friday evening next, at 7.45 p.m. All members please attend.

MUTUAL SERVICE.

Rooms large really, but because of their many inmates looking small, mothers and children, and all the topics that are nearest to women and children and their homes under discussion.

Mutual Service! What name could mean more. These women and children have given husbands and fathers. Some, indeed all too many, show by their black dresses, where these men have done their own and the slackers' part unto the end. Other women give their time and abilities to help, recognising the sacredness of the legacy the married family soldier leaves us.

Among the many war works, surely there is none more deserving of mention and support than this of Mutual Service among those our men have left.

Anyone interested and anxious to help can do so by calling at the rooms in Moon's Buildings, Adelaide street.

Write your letter on blank page.

FROM A DECK CHAIR.

Good day to you, Editor, and good day mates wherever you are, and to you merry maidens who have sent items of Social Notes! I am only sorry I can't print all of them this week. There seems to be "something doing" in the Society line. Maudie writes me that in their suburb "The Willing Warblers" are busy rehearsing for a concert. They have not decided yet what it is to be in aid of—but if it is like the last it won't matter much, for there was only 27/4½ left after expenses were paid. It was a great success though. They had a packed house, and the dresses were beautiful. They say there hasn't been anything so good for a long time. Mabel says Winnie Winkleton is pushing herself forward a good deal trying to get all the best parts, and she makes eyes in a way she never saw before. Myself, I'm going to see Winnie. Something new in making eyes is too good to miss, even if they're made in aid of the other fellow's happiness.

Peg says she went to a delightful afternoon last week at Mrs. Gallops. There were a lot of others there, and they were having Bridge, and the new curate called. He didn't know it was Mrs. Gallops day, and seemed awfully flustered at first. When the maid passed him the three-tier cake stand he took the bottom plate and had about half finished the tiny sandwiches before he discovered that he was meant to take one. Peg says she was so sorry for the poor cloth; he didn't know whether to go on eating or put it back.

Mrs. de Montmorency has gone for a visit to Sydney. She has been working very hard this year, and is looking forward to a good time while she is away. So are old Montmorency and the girls, and the M——'s maid told Peg's maid that they were looking forward to it also.

Queenie ——— says she is just back from a trip to the Mountains. She met the Jolliboys there, and the Murgon Mellishes. She says Estille Murgon Mellish is very stand-offish and would not join any of the others. I'm surprised at that because I remember when her father kept a little grocery shop at the corner. He was a most affable old man, nearly every one liked him. The only thing I ever heard anyone say was that some of the customers didn't like it because he would wipe his nose on his apron. Mrs. Murgon Mellish was always rather inclined to put on airs, perhaps because he had been maid at a doctor's had something to do with it.

The Walford Asterleys have had a swell christening for the Walford Asterley heir, so Gemima writes from Southport. She says there



was much more fuss made than when his father was christened, for Asterley pere was the fourteenth healthy arrival, and the Asterley grand pere was not particularly religious and each succeeding baptism bored him more, and on this occasion Grannie Asterley sprung a surprise on her spouse and had the parson there without telling beforehand.

"What name?" queried the sky pilot.

"Z'if I cared," said Asterley; "here's five bob an' do your best."

So the infant got off with "Dick." I have been trying to reckon up, and allowing for the increased cost of living, war and bachelor taxes, etc., Dick's son must have cost something for his sign, for I hear he is Wilfred, Ernest, Shackleton, Kitchener, Hamilton, Grey. I suppose he'll be "Stinker" or "Spuds" at school.

Gertie, Isabel, Chrissie, May, I am sorry not to be allowed more space. I must keep yours till next week. Thank you for your help.

Yours, etc.,

CRUTCHES.

FROM AN ADELAIDE CORRESPONDENT.

Lieut. Leslie Boyce, who set out a few weeks ago to find reinforcements for the ——— Battalion has come back to the city with the 150 men required, having carried out the self-imposed task in less than the stipulated time. At Roseworthy Agricultural College he made an appeal to an audience of 35 men, and obtained 23. The smart young officer has happily quite recovered from a serious wound received while in action at Pozieres, and is now ready to leave for the front as O.C. of the men he has secured during his recruiting campaign. Lieut. Boyce is a Sydney boy and joined the forces while holiday-making in South Australia. It is good to hear £3000 has been raised by Kpunda for the Australia Day Fund. Burra Burra, for some time, held first place in results for patriotic efforts among the country towns and still keeps well up in the list. On a recent Button Day, the Burra Brass Band, consisting of 12

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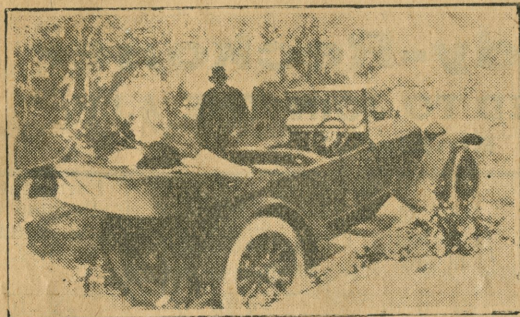
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Mr. John Shannon, of "Wyalla," Toowoomba, striking some heavy sand beds 5 miles from Yeulba, in his 743-mile trip in a Hupmobile.

[Photographed by Miss Shannon.]

performers (ladies), came to town to give their services. Early in the war, when their brothers and sweethearts answered their country's call, the girls, apparently, commandeered the instruments, and learnt to play them, in order to keep the band together, awaiting the warriors' return. A Queen Competition was held at Kapunda and Mrs. Sidney Kidman (wife of the cattle king), who represented the pastoralists was returned top of the poll, with a big majority. On Thursday last the coronation ceremony was graciously performed by Lady Galway, who paid a two day's visit to the township of Adelaide. Lieut. R. E. N. Twopenny, of Quorn, has been awarded a bar to his military medal for gallantry in leading troops when all his superior officers had been disabled. He is one of the many "blue and white" boys at the front. Another honour for the College. Lady Galway is asking for more contributions for the Red Cross Society to enable a sum to be set aside for the prisoners of war. At her request the Great M'Ewen, the mind-reader and hypnotist, donated the proceeds of an evening's entertainment to the cause. Over £80 was handed in. Lady Galway carried out her promise to be present and a packed house greeted her. Everyone went to Charles Moore's Roof Garden on Wednesday last, as the proprietors of our largest drapery emporium promised the proceeds of the afternoon tea rooms to the Red Cross Society. The assistants invited 80 invalided men from Keswick and gave them a jolly afternoon. The S.A. V.A.D. girls are becoming quite useful. Last week several left for Melbourne to bring

back a batch of wounded men, hitherto the Victorians have had the honour of seeing our invalids safely home. The Army Nurses' Club is flourishing, the committee are busy packing Christmas parcels for the sisters on active service.

SOLDIER OF THE SEA.

When the bell tolls for the heroes,
Who have died on land and sea,
For the love of Merrie England and the free,
When you silent, toast the Anzacs,
Spare a thought to one who died,
Where the rocky coast of Cornwall meets the sea.

Out across that rage of waters,
Came the seaman's whistle shrill,
Through the cries of drowning people like a thrill,

To a mast he lashed his body,
Tired body, hands all numbing,
Above the angry waters called he still.

Swamped the lifeboat right before him,
Whistled he in mortal pain,
Drenched with angry waves he gasped and blew again.

Shrill the call—despairing Clarion,
Strength and senses going fast,
One last whistle sends across the angry main.

Will they hear it in the distance?
And the needed succor send
Or is living now for all of them to end,
Weak—he passes on the whistle
To a mate just up above him,
"Sorry, couldn't keep it going! Good bye, friend."

Came the longed for answer ringing,
Friends have heard the whistled call,
Pescue quickly from old Neptune's deadly thrall,

But he claimed the gallant seaman,
Mate of Britishers and Freeman,
In your toast include his name among them all.

A VAIN PURSUIT.

"You know Mr. Hayseed," said the Temperance fanatic. "There must be an another cure for snake bite besides whiskey."

"An' who, the devil wants to 'ear about it if there is," snorted Hayseed.

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"For Home and Empire."

RATES for a SOLDIER with—	Total fortnightly pay.	Fortnightly Queensland Patriotic Fund allowance (if necessary)	TOTAL fortnightly income.	Fortnightly Pension if husband totally incapacitated.	Fortnightly Pension if husband killed.
A WIFE and no children ..	£4 9 10	—	£4 9 10	£4 10 0	£2 0 0
A WIFE and 1 child ..	£4 15 1	12 6	£5 7 7	£5 10 0	£3 0 0
A WIFE and 2 children ..	£5 0 4	17 6	£5 17 10	£6 5 0	£3 15 0
A WIFE and 3 children ..	£5 5 7	17 6	£6 3 1	£6 15 0	£4 5 0
A WIFE and 4 children ..	£5 10 10	17 6	£6 8 4	£7 5 0	£4 15 0

In addition to the above, there is 1/- per day deferred pay, amounting to £18/5/- per year, which the soldier draws in a lump sum on his return.

Then, again, a man has to remember that he is fed and clothed while in the A.I.F., which is, of course, a big item to consider.

Don't forget, too, that the rates quoted above are for the PRIVATE.

Such a big proportion of the men enlisting in Queensland to-day are married men, that we thought it would be a good plan to state all the rates of pay and pensions clearly for their information.

There is no doubt that the single men are not coming forward as they should, and many married men are coming to the conclusion that there is only one thing left to do—take up the sword themselves.

HOW TO ENLIST.

In Brisbane—Go to Adelaide Street Enlisting Depot (next to State School).

In the Country—Go to the nearest Town Clerk, Shire Clerk, or Local Recruiting Committee, who will give you all the necessary instructions.

STATE RECRUITING COMMITTEE OF QUEENSLAND.

Vice-Chairman: Col. Hon. A. J. THYNNE, V.D., M.L.C. G. M. DASH, Captain, State Organising Secretary.

A SILLY MISTAKE.

"No, I ain't feelin' too well neither, an' that's a fact said 47th, as he languidly drained his third cut of tea and eat without apparent relish his tenth sandwich."

"An' it serves me right, that it does, for goin' out with them two 15th coves."

"Over-did it?" queried Gwen with sympathy.

"Did they what? Talk about dopes!"

"Did you catch plenty of fish?"

"Did we what. I caught a pain in my back, and one of them's in hospital with a chill, and that's all we caught."

"Better luck next time."

"Yes, p'raps," said 47th sadly, "but as far's I'm concerned, next time's a long way off!"

"Tell me!" coaxed Gwen.

47th paused, under the impression that the Coo-ee tea pot might contain a never failing spring, tried to extract by drainage another cup of tea, and then said under his breath—

"Ov course, you know Miss, no one ain't supposed to dynamite fish in the bay!"

"I should think not, indeed, said Gwen warmly, a dreadful thing to do!"

"Yes, Miss, just what I said to them two

15th chaps," but listen to me they wouldn't.

"Do you mean to say you did it."

"No, Miss, far from it! But I'll tell you. We gets a boat at Manly, and goes up Tingalpa Creek, when we gets under the bridge, we stops an' 'as a bit of lunch, and another drink, an' 'Awkins shows me a tin of dynamite with a fuse an' all."

"An' then we 'as another bit of a drink, an' as you know, Miss, it was a fine day, but the sun a bit 'ot like."

"An' I see's that 'Awkins was getting a bit red in the face like."

"An' he says he thinks that's a good spot. an' then 'e lights the fuse an' I says make it a good long one."

An' Awkins says, "Don't think because you can 'andle a machine gun, he says, that you know all about fish."

An' then 'e fixes it an' we rows around the corner, an' we was just 'avin' a bit of drink, an' I looks up, and there comes the dynamite tin bobbin' along quite close."

An' I says to 'Awkins, "Look there, I says."

An' 'Awkins, he nearly bust, he did, 'e was that excited he dropped his drink, and he says—

RECOMMENDED AND ENDORSED BY STATE RECRUITING COMMITTEE.

"Row, you blanks, row."

An' I can tell you we did.

An' Martin, 'e says, "Two fine fellows you are not to see the tide 'ad turned."

An' 'Awkins, 'e keeps sayin', "Row, can't you! and we wasn't any of us what you could call in good form."

An' all the time the silly thing kept quite close and the fuse spittin' away.

"But it couldn't have hurt you in the water," That's wot I told 'em after, said 47th, "but you see their nerves ain't wot you could call in fust class runnin' order," an' 'Awkins makes it wuss.

"Row!" 'e keeps sayin'. "Don't tell me I come through the Somme to be blowed up with a lot of fish as if I was a bloomin' Jonah, 'e says, and with that 'e begins to tell me where to write to 'is poor old mother, an' I says—

"Ow the devil 'an I write if I'm sausage meat," I says, "and stop talking, an' with that plump we goes into the little island just pas' the bridge."

An' 'Awkins an' Martin rolls out first, an' I rolls on top, an' Martin says, as he lifts 'is 'ead out of the mud, "Blowed up after all, by Gor."

"And—were you?"

"No, Miss, not exactly, at least we never 'eard it, or seen nothin' of it, but we was all thinkin' about other things, an' there was a good bit of conversation goin' on, an' wot with that an' the loss of the boat."

"Did you really lose your boat?"

"We did that, an' we hollered fer 'alf a hour full strength of our lungs before the Cocky wot lives over the creek, 'ears us an' comes over, an' when 'e seen us, 'e says—

"Gawdstruth! 'Ave Hughes taken to growin' soldiers, 'e says, now 'e can't enlist 'em."

"An' I says sarcastic like, I thought everyone knew that without jawin' about it, an' 'e says:—

"Some one done Hughes in over this lot o' seed, he says, or 'p'raps you lot was growed from cuttings, 'e says."

BLAME JOHN.

Small Boy with enquiritis: "If England's the mother and Australia and Canada and India 'e the children, then who is the father?"

Distracted Aunt: "Oh, no one—that is is to v—John Bull. I suppose!"

LAST NIGHT.

Last night I was king and an overlord
Plus being a millionaire,
I did great deeds of my own accord.
Was val'rous and debonair,

Last night there was music in stately hall,
For beauty and love were mine,
Grave servitors came at my slightest call,
We pledged our souls with wine.
I loved the wise, I pitied the fool,
Was youthful, happy and free,

To-day in the trench I'm mucky and wet,
And "chatty" as I can be.

Where are my millions, where are my friends
The girls that all loved me so,
Where are the halls, the laughter and song,
And where did the Servitors go.
They are all there or thereabouts,
No kindom has suddenly sunk,
But to-day I'm sad and I'm sober,
Last night I was happy and drunk."

—JOCK.

Hey, Jock, mon! I'm prentin' yer verresses but I hae sent yer name an number in to the leddies o' the W.C.T.U., ye ken, an' nae doot they'll be spierin' ye gin you come hame, lad.
—Ed. "Link."

TACT AND TAPE.

Harrison Jones was a gunner, a boss gunner, and a good one; even the military authorities recognised the worth of Harrison Jones. Nevertheless Red Tape was often worried, not with his work, that was beyond criticism, but Harrison, J., had an alarming way of winding up Red Tape, and throwing it back to the main ball, as if red tape was—well—just common tape gone red.

His C.O. spoke firmly, spoke kindly, spoke threateningly. Harrison became fluent, even in a fluent age he shone. Among the Candlemoulders his was a standard by which all other speakers were judged. His fluency was the pride of his company as his work was the pride of his superior officers.

But H. Jones' engagement was nearly up, and a Brass Hat who was step uncle to a Sunday School Superintendent, thought the time had arrived to remind him of some tape that had become badly frayed by the Boss Gunner, and in commenting on its damaged condition, remarked that it might prevent his re-engagement. He gasped for air at receiving the following:—"Sir, I've done more than any predecessor with your Candle-moulders. Whoever is responsible for the orders you gave yesterday ought to be put in a Lunatic Asylum. You can tell them to take their company and go and see a horse doctor."

Now Brass Hat knew that whatever H. Jones lacked in obedience and discipline he couldn't just then be replaced as a gunner, and not feeling anxious to fill in nine thousand Army forms as to how, why, when, where, if, for,



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ly, with, and wherefore the said Gunner was discharged, thought hard for a minute, tried to think what his step-nephew the Superintendent would say and wrote.

"On thinking the subject matter of your letter over again, I am sure you will remember that King's Regs., page 41, par 199 says: "The duties of Veterinary Officers are defined in the Regulations for Army Veterinary Services and in the Standing Orders." Referring to these I find no mention of the situation mentioned by you. Further, Kings' Regs. page 95, par. 403 states: "A lunatic soldier at home is not to be removed to an asylum for treatment without the sanction of the G.O.C. in C."

Harrison Jones is still with the Candle-moulders.

AMONG THE LILIES.

1.

In my garden! In my garden,
Where the fragrant lilies grow,
I have asked for peace and pardon,
Thou wilt give me them I know.

2.

In my garden, in my garden,
Sleeps a child so young and fair;
Like a rose that opens early,
With the sunbeams in his hair!

3.

I have laid him where the lilies
Grow so fragrant, white and tall!
When he awakens he will greet me
Fairest, dearest of them all.

4.

Ah, that child has grown to boyhood,
He has heard the battle cry!
Bravely, nobly, he has answered,
Christ! Thou wilt not let him die?

5.

For my prayers have reached to Heaven,
Through the very gates of pain!
I can trust Thee, with my treasure
Thou wilt bring him home again.
Mabel Wilson, Claremont, W.A.

SENTIMENTAL SERGEANT TO RECRUITS.

"Take every care of your rifle, boys! Treat it with the greatest respect! Treat it like a friend, treat it like a wife, rub it all over every night with an oily rag!"

IN A NUTSHELL.

In England they are up against a fresh problem. From the Brisbane "Courier," September 1st, we glean that the serious shortage of nuts is instigating the employment of children in gathering the horse chestnut crop. It has just struck me that Brisbane has a brand which might be of service over there. We ourselves have little or no use for them.

"There's the nut that's necessary

To the turning of the wheel,

It's a nut quite indispensable

Of true and tested steel,

And it's non-co-operation

Would mean trouble in a nut,

To the progress of the Nation

If we sacrificed that nut—

Useful nut.

There's the knut that walks the pavement,

In a fresh suit every day,

He's the chap to fill the billet,

Just the knut we'd give away.

Send to solve old England's problem

(Mark the way the beggar struts),

Let him be his Empire's Saviour,

Our latest thing in knuts—

Classy knut.

And while we're on the subject,

There's a word I'd like to say,

Of another nut whose quality

The world commends to-day.

The "hard nut" of the Nation,

Who amidst the fires of hell,

Gave a striking demonstration

Of the heart beneath the shell—

Of a nut.

—Malicia Demons.

Mrs. Migson is very short-sighted and Tony Wiggins is a pocket edition of a man. Mrs. Migson got into a crowded Edward street car the other night, where Tony was firmly wedged in between two ample females.

Mrs. Migson did not see Tony and sat down where there seemed to be a vacancy between the ladies and only discovered her mistake, when opposite the Railway Station, Tony remarked from underneath—

"I'll have to trouble you to move, Madam. I have to catch a train."

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